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PHILADELPHIAAND
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1804.

Seduction :
A TALE OF TRUTH.

(continued)

"I WILL neither wound your feelings, nor exhaust your patience, by attempting to describe the anguish of mind which both my wife and myself endured upon discovering that this too specious libertine had subverted every virtuous principle in our child. A letter was addressed to her unhappy mother, calculated only to agonize her too deeply tortured heart; for, instead of offering any apology for the disgrace of her conduct, she seemed rather inclined to glory in her shame; and concluded by desiring we would give ourselves no trouble about her, as all our enquiries would certainly prove vain.

"Though the mind of my beloved Charlotte had been superior to those misfortunes which the generality of the sex are not calculated to endure, yet this was a stroke she was not able to encounter, and she sunk under a shock which admitted of no cure. Though every enquiry was made after our ill-fated fugitive, yet, unfortunately, none were attended with success; but my beloved wife besought me, on her death-bed, to endeavour to find her out myself.

"As soon, Sir, as I had recovered from the excess of that affliction, which the loss of an object so beloved had produced, I resolved to fulfil the request she had made, and try to discover the fate of my child. As I knew that London was the resort of indiscretion and adversity, if there was any reason to be assigned why either should remain concealed, I

took my place in the stage-coach about three weeks after the burial of my beloved wife. As my plan was to frequent every place of amusement where I thought my deluded girl was likely to be seen, on the night after my arrival I went to the theatre, with a heart agonized by sensations which no language can reveal. I gazed at the multitude with that eager kind of earnestness, that seemed to convey an idea to those around me, that my mind was deranged; and I found it impossible to pay the slightest attention to what was going forward on the stage. At length, after turning my eyes to every part of the theatre, they were suddenly attracted by the loud closing of one of the box doors; and I beheld my lost Matilda seating herself by the side of her seducer, accompanied by several young men of fashion, who seemed attentive to her alone.

"The elegant decorations, which had been purchased by the sacrifice of a gem far richer than any in Golconda's mines, I gazed upon with a mixture of contempt and abhorrence, which may be imagined, but cannot be described. As the play drew near a conclusion, I changed my situation, and placed myself near the box door; but at the same time concealed my face with a handkerchief, to prevent the possibility of my being known.

"Conceive, Sir, what must have been the anguish of a father, at thus openly witnessing the depravity of his child! yet I had resolution enough to follow her; and slipping half a guinea into the hands of the footman, eagerly demanded where his lady lived. "Manchester-street, Sir," said the man, in a tone of compassion as if pitying that anguish I found it impossible to conceal; "and if

you call at No. 9, at one o'clock to-morrow, there will be no person with her who would be likely to prevent her from being seen."

"The gratification I felt, in having thus far fulfilled my Charlotte's wishes, acted as a balm to my tortured mind; and I indulged the hope, that, by *persuasion* and *intreaty*, I might restore to virtue a still beloved child. As the time approached that was to introduce me to her, I found my agitation rapidly increase; and when I rapped at the door, I was seized with such a trepidation, that I was scarcely able to stand upon my feet. The same humane fellow who had given me the direction instantly opened the street door, and observing the emotion under which I labored, supported me into an elegant dining-room, and fetching me a glass of wine, besought me to drink it, in a manner that was not easily to be withheld.

"As soon as he perceived that I was a little recovered, he informed me, that his mistress had seen me the preceding night, and that she had insisted upon his telling her what had passed between us; or threatened to turn him out of his place. He then pulled a letter from his pocket; but I was so completely agitated, that it was with the utmost difficulty that I broke the seal. And this, Sir, if you take the trouble to read it, will convince you, that I have lost all hope of ever reclaiming my child.

To Mr. Butler.

"As neither *reproaches* nor *persuasion* can ever induce me to give up a being whom I love much dearer than life, I beg you will not endeavour to obtain an interview which could only increase the agitation of your mind. I shall quit Lon-

don at nine o'clock this morning and it is wholly uncertain when I shall return."

"As soon as I had read this fatal proof of depravity, a sudden faintness overpowered my frame, and I fell from the chair in which I had been seated, in a state of insensibility, at my sympathizing companion's feet. At length, however, I recovered the use of my faculties, and requested a coach might be called to convey me to the inn; when, finding the stage would set out in a few minutes, I paid my little reckoning, and immediately stepped in. The anguish of my mind, and the fatigue of travelling, united to not having taken a sufficient quantity of food, brought on a sudden violence of fever, and I was obliged to be left at a public-house upon the road. There I remained upwards of a fortnight, until the contents of my purse were nearly spent; for, during my illness, the unprincipled landlord had paid himself trebly for ever article I had; and, upon my complaining of the imposition, he insolently desired me to quit the house.

"Though I was fully sensible of my own debility, I resolved not to stay another moment there; and accordingly began my pedestrian journey, in the hope of being soon overtaken by a stage. This hope unfortunately proved fallacious, for not a single mode of conveyance appeared: and it is to your humanity, Sir, that I owe the preservation of a life that appears to have no one blessing in reserve."

It was impossible to listen to a recital of such misfortunes with a heart unmoved by the detail, and I said every thing that sympathy could suggest to alleviate them, though I had the mortification of observing that my endeavours failed. A few days after Mr. Butler had indulged me with his history, I accompanied him to his humble, yet elegant, abode; for though the house was small, and every thing in it simple, yet it was evident that it belonged to a man of taste.

Upon taking leave of this venerable character, his expressions of gratitude went to my heart; and I would willingly have resigned half my possessions to have had the power of mitigating his grief. Suppose, said I, mentally, I was to see *Matilda*, and describe to her the acuteness of her father's distress; the latent sensations which *Nature* must have implanted might possibly soften her obdurate breast. The idea had no sooner occurred, than I resolved it should

be executed; and throwing myself into my travelling chaise, I gave myself up to the gratifying sensation of fancying my embassy certainly must succeed. As I am one of those ardent characters that pursue every thing with avidity which my mind prompts me to undertake, I merely stopped for the purpose of changing horses until I arrived in Manchester-street. Some yards before the door I perceived straw had been littered, and two carriages prevented the drawing up of mine. My motions however, were not to be impeded; and I sprung from my chariot, and knocked at No. 9. A servant instantly attended the summons, who informed me that Miss Butler could not be seen, as she was labouring under a delirious fever, and the physicians entertained little hope of her life.

Whilst the man was giving me this melancholy intelligence, my feelings were shocked by the most appalling screams; and I heard her distinctly exclaim, Oh! I will see my father! For unless *I receive his blessing*, I can never die in peace." Without thinking it necessary to adopt ceremony upon such an occasion, I rushed by the servant, and flew up stairs; and entering the apartment from whence the voice issued, beheld a lovely young creature forcibly detained in bed. I entered the room without any person appearing to notice the intrusion, as the attention of those who were present was occupied by the sick; and for some moments I remained in a state of stupefaction, until roused to reflection by the reiteration of her screams. At one moment she implored Dashmore to shield her from her father; and at the next, forbid him to appear in her sight. Then she would reproach him for her dereliction from virtue, and beseech her parent to pardon the imperfection of his child.

"He does pardon you, my dear Miss B." said I, affectionately pressing her fervid hand; "and has sent me to assure you of his forgiveness, and to restore your wounded mind to *peace*." "Peace!" she exclaimed, in a tone of agony: "Peace is the inhabitant of a *virtuous* breast! My crimes have chased her from this tortured bosom; and never, never can my woes find rest."

Mr. Dashmore, who was kneeling by the bed-side, said every thing in his power to mitigate her agitation, but whenever he addressed her, it appeared to be increased; and at length the physicians persuaded him to quit the apartment; as-

suring him, that her life depended upon being kept composed. As soon as the agitated young man had quitted the sick chamber, Doctor Freeman, in a low tone of voice, enquired whether I was the *lady's friend*? and at the same time informed me, that Dashmore, in his *presence*, had promised, if she recovered, to make her his wife. From this intelligent physician I found that the fever had been brought on by her having eaten a quantity of ice at a dance; and the malady had been increased by her accidentally hearing of her amiable mother's untimely death. To a mind debilitated by a violent disorder, the reproaches of an accusing conscience must have been dreadful to bear; and her intellects sunk under the acuteness of those sensations, which, unsubdued by sickness, she might have sustained.

(to be concluded)

FRIENDSHIP.

"I TOUCH the hand of the person next me," says Werter, "I feel that it is made of wood."—Alas! how often in the commerce of the world does one find this hand of wood! and how often in the courtesies of life!—Offer your hand to *Candidus*; and he holds out *one* finger. Offer it to *Clericus*; he perhaps coldly gives you *two*. *Prætor* gives you his *whole* hand; but it is wood—wood indeed.—While *Benevolus* with his hand at once meets yours.—There is heart and soul in the compression: there is friendship in the very touch.

VIRTUE.

VIRTUE, should only be known, to have a number of admirers; and as in pursuit of those vices which destroy both our temporal and eternal felicity, habit increases our relish for persevering; so in the practice of all that can insure our happiness here and hereafter, habit also impels us to proceed, and furnishes continual inducements, which gradually lead us to the most exalted principle of human excellence. The man, therefore, who will not be happy, has nobody to censure but himself, as the power is in his own hands, if he chuses but to exert it.

Great men, who are not benevolent, are like cypress trees, which are magnificent in appearance, but bear no fruit.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

MR. SCOTT,

THE following discourse on Eloquence, was delivered a few months ago, in the *Philadelphia Lyceumian Society*, agreeable to appointment, by Mr. J. K. P. a member thereof: a copy accidentally fell into my hands, which I have transcribed, and now offer to you for publication, though unknown to Mr. P. who, I am sensible (notwithstanding it is done without his knowledge) will have no objection to its publication, when he considers that it will conduce to the benefit and instruction of your readers. If therefore, it meets your approbation, by inserting it you will much oblige. Yours, &c. A. K.

A DISCOURSE ON
ELOQUENCE:

Delivered in the *Philadelphia Lyceumian Society*.

GENTLEMEN,

THE honour conferred upon me in appointing me to address you at this time, merits my sincere acknowledgments of regard, and shall ever be remembered with the profoundest sentiments of grateful esteem. In the performance of the duty assigned to me, I have but one source of regret—my incompetency to the task. Were my abilities commensurate with the inclination I have to serve you, I should feel happy in my present undertaking, and be, in some measure relieved from that diffidence and embarrassment under which I now labour. Your candour, however, on former occasions, affords me ground to hope, that you will kindly draw the veil of indulgence over my imperfections and attribute them rather to natural incapacity than defect of will. This consideration inspires me with courage to proceed.

Adverting to the original design of our institution, I could think of no subject better calculated to promote it than that of Eloquence. In descanting on this topic, I shall observe the following order of discourse, 1st. The utility of eloquence, and 2ndly, the best method of improving in it.

Man detached from society is a forlorn and solitary being. His dispositions are selfish in the extreme, and in their relation to the rest of his species, envious and inimical. Self-love is the spring of all his actions—self-interest the sole object of his regard, and the success or disappointment which he experiences in the pursuit of it, constitutes the sum of his passions. His existence exhibits a gloomy round of disgraceful inactivity, and in the obscure picture of his life, one transaction is distinguished from ano-

ther only by the idea of profit and loss, connected with its remembrance.

In this deplorable situation, benificent Providence, ever aiming at the happiness of man, directs him to the society of his fellow beings, as a sovereign remedy for all his misery—as the copious fountain of intellectual enjoyment—and as that sphere of life in which he was destined to move. The first object that presents itself to him on becoming a part of the community, is the novel system of duty which is to regulate his future conduct. The protection afforded by society points out to him the mutual claim subsisting between it and its respective members, and determines the line of discrimination between right and wrong. He is then naturally led to enquire into the means requisite to promote the common good. By the exercise of rational investigation, in deducing effects from their correspondent causes, he discovers, that ignorance is the chief obstacle to the public felicity—that it tends to obstruct the energies of imagination—to pervert the judgment—and to involve the understanding in the inexplicable mazes of perplexity.

In the pursuit of knowledge, new prospects are opened to the view of mortals. Human reason approximates to, or recedes from error, exactly proportionate to the pains bestowed on the cultivation of the mind. As the returning light of day dispels the opaque fogs of night—as the vapors of darkness are dispersed by the rays of the morning sun—as the tottering barque, safe from the dangers of the howling tempest, spreads her canvass to the auspicious gale, and on the tranquil bosom of the ocean, approaches with celerity the port of her destination—so do the resplendent beams of science dissipate the obscurity of ignorance—so do error and delusion flee with precipitancy before the light of reason—and thus does the human mind, propelled by the accelerating impetus of knowledge, assimilate itself to Deity and advance with rapidity to the summit of moral excellence.

The best method of communicating knowledge, follows next in succession to a conviction of its utility. For this purpose, the Creator has bestowed on man the faculty of speech; the improvement of which gift, so as to render it the most extensively subservient to the design of its donor, is the prerogative of Eloquence.

It is however, a notorious and lamentable truth, demonstrable from the frailty

of human nature, and evident from the continual warfare maintained in the mind of man by the opposite principles of virtue and vice, which alternately hold dominion over the faculties of his soul, that knowledge alone is not sufficient to restrain him from too frequent violations of the precepts of justice. Coercion offers itself as an expedient for the correction of his evil propensities; but this is easily discoverable to be an insufficient remedy. Man possesses an inherent principle of independence, which causes him to spurn the very thought of compulsion. Scourges, fettters, imprisonment, slavery, and every other species of corporal punishment may be inflicted upon him, without ending in reformation. While the body smarts under the keen lash of oppression—while it is loaded with chains or languishes in confinement between the dreary walls of a dungeon—while writhing in convulsive agonies beneath the most excruciating tortures which human ingenuity can invent, the soul will still retain the uncontrolled possession of all her energies. A more powerful agent than external restraint is necessary, to confine human actions to the limits of moral duty. An inquiry into the nature of man will convince us, that for this purpose we must acquire an influence over his passions, which can be obtained only by reason and persuasion. These two qualities form the principal part of Eloquence. For instances of the ascendancy which Eloquence possesses over human sentiment, we need only recur to that of CICERO, whose persuasive language could lead captive the opinions of the Roman senate—to that of DEMOSTHENES, whose cogent arguments could calm the tumult of the Athenian assemblies and cause the scale of public conduct to preponderate in favor of valour and patriotism—or to that of SOCRATES, whose powerful reasoning could eradicate from the minds of his hearers every affection foreign to the love of virtue.

Upon the whole; if it be granted that knowledge and virtue are useful objects—if it be granted that Eloquence is a happy mean of attaining and promoting them. I can conceive of no objection to its utility but the bare possibility that it may be employed in the service of vice. Equally plausible would be the allegation, that the instruments of husbandry, invented for the most innocent and useful purposes, may be converted into weapons of assassination and murder. All the argu-

ments arising from this method of reasoning, apply to the abuse only, and not to the real use of Eloquence.

Agreeably to the proposed order of discourse, your attention will now be directed to the best method of improving in Eloquence.

Eloquence may be divided into two parts: composition, and delivery—in the former light, it is considered as a science, in the latter, as an art. Of each in its order. Excellence in composition includes correctness and elegance—the one being the result of an acquaintance with grammar, the other of attention to the best authors. The utility of a knowledge of grammar is evident from the nature and intent of speech. Words are the idioms of our thoughts and the instruments of social intercourse between mankind. To render them the most effectual in promoting reciprocal communication, they must be generally understood. This consequence can only be produced by the establishment of certain principles to which, in their arrangement, we are invariably to adhere. Hence the origin of the rules of grammar. It is plain then, that when we depart from conformity to that manner of expression, which custom has fixed as the standard of language, our ideas will be cloathed with ambiguity and uncertainty, and destitute of that precision which alone can render our conversation entertaining, instructive, or beneficial.

Attention to the style of the best authors, is also useful in composition. It is an unquestioned dogma, that knowledge is almost entirely the effect of acquisition. Admitting this, it follows as a natural inference, that instruction is delivered through the medium of imitation. No person has so many original ideas, as to be incapable of deriving advantage from the suggestions of others. On reading the productions of an eminent author, some new thought will strike us, some happier method of expression than before occurred. At the same time we should be cautious of a slavish or servile imitation, this will answer no other end than to cramp genius, and obstruct improvement; to exercise the memory, but ruin the judgment. Besides, no two writers have adopted the same style, yet each has his peculiar beauties and defects. In attempting to imitate them all, we will injure our elocution, and confuse our understanding; we will accustom ours to make a specious jingle of

unmeaning words, the organs of an incomprehensible chaos of ideas.

Delivery is a material part of Eloquence. Composition may indeed lay the foundation, but delivery, only, can raise the superstructure. The effects of a graceful address are powerful beyond conception. Of so much importance was it esteemed by the ancients, that one of the greatest orators ever produced by the world, when treating of this subject, expressly says,

"Rhetorice, mavis nos disputare quam dialectice."

Of the many attempts which have been made to improve Eloquence; the establishment of debating societies has probably been the most successful. Institutions of this kind, divert the mind from trifling occupations, and give rise to study and emulation, by exciting us to enquire into the nature of the subjects to be discussed. They afford us an opportunity of knowing the extent of our faculties, and inspire us with a degree of confidence in our abilities. They put us on our guard against inaccuracy of diction, teach us the habit of self command; produce a fluency of expression; and accustom us to reason with clearness and solidity.

Gentlemen of the Lycean Society,

HAVING thus imperfectly handled the proposed subject, I shall take the liberty of offering a few remarks for your serious consideration, and hope the sincere motive by which they are dictated, will apologize for their simplicity.

The benevolent philanthropist will experience pleasure in reflecting that (at a period when vice and depravity scarce know their bounds; when impiety and profanity stalk openly among us; when shameful prodigality and indolence have stamped, in characters of indelible infamy, the conduct of too great a part of the rising generation) there have been found a goodly number who, contemplating the misery attendant on the pursuit of objects which are the gulph of time, the ruin of the constitution, and poison of the mind: and actuated by a meritorious desire to promote the principles of virtue, and the dissemination of useful knowledge, have united in forming the *Philadelphia Lycean Society*. Generous young men! the institution already bids fair to realize your most sanguine anticipations, and to reward your laudable endeavours with success. It is fast progressing to honour and respectability; and, ere long, will

occupy a conspicuous station in the annals of literary improvement.

You are now arrived at an eminence whence you cannot descend but with dishonour, and of which the possession can be maintained only by the most active vigilance. Let me then intreat you, by every argument which anxious solicitude for your welfare can suggest, to guard, with jealous care, against every thing which may tend to impede the accomplishment of the grand object for which you have associated. Let calm deliberation characterize your proceedings; let good sense, solid reason, prudence and temperance prevail in all your discussions. Spurn with contempt the advice of any who would be base enough to sow the baleful seeds of division among you.—Religious or political dissension is the infallible bane of social union; as topics of debate, neither of them should have a place in meetings intended for polemic disputation. Lastly, let your united efforts be employed, to promote that cordial co-operation, which is productive of rational conclusion; which is propitious to literary improvement; and which has for its end the increase of human felicity.

Thus acting, you will respectively acquire a fund of knowledge, which will be useful to you in every situation. You will reward the anxious care and expectations of your friends and parents. You will lay the foundation of future usefulness and respectability. Equally fitted for public duty, or domestic retirement, you will appear in society, as valuable members of it. In all events, you will possess a source of entertainment, independent of sublunary vicissitude. Finally, when old age, with its concomitant train of infirmities, invades you, and death announces by his summons your departure for eternity, you will quit the stage of action, without a sigh—happy in the consolatory reflection of a life well spent.

Although by the insertion of the preceding Discourse, the tacit approbation of the editor is implied, yet he is sensible, that the eye of criticism will discover in it many improprieties; but, to evince his willingness to meet the exertions of his correspondents in the means of promoting the cause of literature, together with the consideration, that should its errors be pointed out, it will be with the intent of correcting rather than condemning—for the improvement of our young author rather than for the purpose of censuring him, the editor submits it to his readers.

Authors resemble flambeaux, which consume themselves in giving light,

For the Philadelphia Repository.
THE SCRIBBLER.—No. I.

"Scribimus indocti doctique."

PERHAPS there never was any line written that contained more truth in fewer words, than this. The wise, the simple, the learned and ignorant, have all at times scribbled a little. But while some have gained by their writings honours and rendered, their names immortal, others have written to little purpose, and themselves and writings have soon been forgotten. With the last class I expect to rank, for I cannot hope that my productions will contain any thing to rescue them from oblivion. To him who wrote for fame, how mortifying would be this idea, how painful would it be to see those writings by which he hoped to immortalize himself, unnoticed and unregarded. To him who writes to procure subsistence, how acute must be his feelings at finding the productions of his pen despised by the world, and that his genius and abilities will not procure the necessities of life. How many have been the instances, of men whose abilities have rendered them ornaments to human nature; whose writings now attract the admiration of mankind; who, now that they cease to exist, are remembered with regret and pity; how many are there, I say, of this class, who have "groaned beneath the pressure of poverty." The great MILTON felt its power; the unfortunate CHATTERTON sunk under it, and Dr. JOHNSON himself, endured the many evils and inconveniences it causes, until he had arrived at an age when he could not enjoy the blessings of ease and plenty. The names of OTWAY and SAVAGE may be added to the list. The life of an author who depends for subsistence on his pen, is one of the most unhappy that can be imagined. If he obtains the necessities of life, it is all he can expect, for I know of none that amass'd any considerable fortune, except POPE, and he acquired it by the greatest parsimony. This last class of writers, are certainly more unhappy than the former, who, though they may be disappointed in their pursuit of fame, are not dependent on the different opinions and caprice of mankind. I, however, rank myself with neither; I do not write to obtain praise, nor subsistence; but have the same excuse as is given by such scribblers as myself, that is, I write for amusement; which being the case, my future essays

will not be the result of hard study, and perhaps will not be distinguished by elegance of style or depth of reasoning; but such as they are, they will be presented to the readers of the *Repository*, should the Editor think them worthy of publication. Whatever may be their reception, is not a matter of much consequence, though I confess, I should prefer its being favourable.

PHILADELPHUS.

•• Communications addressed to the *Scribbler*, will receive the earliest attention.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUVENIS SERENUS.—No. I.

From all sublunar bliss, my soul
Aspires to joys on high;
There love is pure, without controul,
Nor feels the lab'ring sigh.

ALTHOUGH the all-wise Disposer of events has, for some cause, incomprehensible by the natural sagacity of imperfect mortals, cast my lot in the vale of obscurity, where the bustle of the busy world intrudes not to disturb the tranquility of humble life, yet, he hath furnished me with a soul that delights in the contemplation of his works, and enables me to enjoy sweet pleasures in soaring above the trifles which occupy the minds of the votaries to meaner enjoyments;—often am I led by a train of thought, through those intellectual fields which bloom with the roses of felicity, and permitted to pluck delightful sprigs from ever-verdant trees.

In one of these pleasing excursions, I recently beheld, in a bower, formed by the combination of innumerable intertwining flowers, a form so exquisitely beautiful, that the sight fascinated my senses—impossible would it be to describe the awful sensations I experienced at this moment of entrancement—sublime conceptions of its superior excellence dilated all my powers, when an involuntary ejaculation of praise, induced her to command my silence! "To whom, Oh, SERENUS! wouldest thou give that adoration which is due only unto HIM who holds thy existence at his pleasure!" Idolatry becomes not a worm of the dust, who is at the disposal of his CREATOR's will:—adulation may charm the unreflecting devotee to earthly happiness, into the snares of licentiousness; but those who are the peculiar favorites of the GOD of Heaven, are ever protect-

ed by my celestial arm—my name is VIRTUE!—Prostrate thyself before the Most HIGH, and let thy orisons ascend to him for the peculiar privilege he hath granted thee in permitting thee to behold thy tutelar angel:—Persevere in rectitude, regard not the scoffs of less happy mortals, neither let pride delude thee, for thou art but dust, and worms are thy kindred; thy immortal part shall, ere long, be divested of its chains, and embark on the boundless ocean of eternity! blessed is he who is favored with my smiles."

At this moment, a resplendent ray emanating from her breast, filled my whole frame with indescribable emotion. Attempting to approach nearer, I saw a cherubic company attendant on this æthereal maid—she waved her hand, and the whole scene vanished from my sight!—I was now on the spot where the glorious vision had appeared—I fell on my knees, and with a heart warm with devotion, gave praise to HIM from whom I have learned true wisdom alone can be derived, for the bliss I am enabled to enjoy in my humble situation, and implored his support amid every care which might tend to disturb my tranquility or turn my wary feet from the path of virtue:—Then, drawing from my pocket a small volume, which is my constant companion in these delightful rambles, and in which are recorded the oracles of truth, I opened it, and the passage which first met my eye was, "For our conversation is in Heaven," which words were so perfectly in unison with my mind, that they afforded me an hour's delicious meditation.

SERENUS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

Suicide.

PASSING through a small town, not long since, my attention was excited by the tolling of the church bells, and at a little distance, in mournful procession, I observed a funeral moving among the scattered hillocks or repositories of the dead; toward a part of the ground which appeared newly broken I involuntarily advanced, and arrived just in time to see the remains of a fellow mortal consigned to his native dust. "It reminded me of that awful lesson which was originally dictated by the Supreme Wisdom—"Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." My mind was so much engag-

ed in a train of meditations that I did not observe the concourse of people that had surrounded the grave, retiring. My contemplations were disturbed by a young man who approached the grave and said, ' farewell! my beloved friend, farewell! As the attentive mourner passed me, I recognized in him my particular friend. I enquired if he knew who the person was that had just been buried? ' I do,' said he, ' and if you will leave this sepulchre of death, and return with me, I will inform you.' I agreed, and we left the place. We reached his dwelling, when he informed me, that the person we had just seen deposited in the earth, was the only son of a gentleman of very considerable property; that he had just entered his eighteenth year of age, when he was called to attend an excellent father, who was hastily advancing to that "bourne from whence no traveller returns." Mr. SHELBY soon after paid the debt of nature, and left HENRY in possession of an immense fortune, without any one to controul him.—HENRY being of a lively disposition—young, gay and fond of company, he soon became acquainted with several men whom I knew to be professed gamblers, observing in him a propensity for their ruinous practices, I remonstrated against the folly of such pursuits, and endeavoured to prevail on him to break off his acquaintance with such depraved companions, but all to no effect. Day succeeding day, his riotous companions were with him, until they reduced him to the unhappy necessity of mortgaging his property to its full amount, besides involving him in debts which he was unable to pay. He at length kept himself confined to avoid the legal demands of his creditors. A few days ago he sent for me—I attended him—"but alas! how changed from the man he once was!—his face was ghastly pale, his eyes sunk, yet their motion was quick and fiery which gave him the appearance of a fiend, rather than a human being,"—he called me to him—' My friend!' said he, ' I have—but oh!—what an act!—know then, my friend, that the last time I attended the gaming table, being left by all my companions except one, and expecting he was in possession of a part of my money—I murdered!—yes, I murdered FERDINAND! and from that moment, my soul has been tormented with remorse for the horrid act.—"It is now suffering all the tortures of the damned—scorpions, flames, and furies hang about me!—go, leave

me! and return in a short time, when I shall be more composed."—I left the room, but had just gained the stairs when I was alarmed by the report of a pistol—I ran back to his room, and saw him weltering in his blood. ' Oh! my friend,' said he, ' behold me now plunging into the presence of an awful God, conscious of my wickedness and sin!—guilty of the horrid crime of murder!—and what is worse, as the destroyer of myself!—oh! invoke for me a kind and merciful God, for I am just on the borders of eternity!' He could no longer articulate, and in a few moments expired in all the agonies of a revolting conscience.

CHRISTIANUS.

From the Washington Federalist.

LEAP YEAR.

MR. RIND,

AS long as I can remember, I have always understood that leap year gave to the ladies the privilege of courting. As seven years have elapsed since this inestimable privilege has been enjoyed by the fair, I am under some apprehension that our modern belles, who are fearful of spoiling the lustre of their eyes by reading, may not be apprised of the extent of their rights and prerogatives. The ladies will now be able to account for their being excluded from the lobby of the Senate. Those 'grave and reverend sirs' whilst employed about the weighty matters of state, did not like to have their attention diverted by the full blaze of light which must have been poured upon them from so many bright luminaries. Besides; they did not know what might be the consequence if any of them should be unusually eloquent and interesting. They might have found their lodgings the next morning surrounded with half the carriages in the city, each with a fair petitioner for the honor of his hand. Who can blame them for providing against such a dilemma?

It is well known that last session 'closed doors,' 'secret committees,' and 'the ladies toast,' engrossed the attention of a great number of both houses. The ladies even then contended, contrary to all former precedents, for the right of having closed doors whenever they pleased. If such pretensions were advanced last year, what will be *done* this—Bare necks, arms and ankles, after much debate, and controversy are now established, and after the splendid example which

has been set us, no one will have the hardihood longer to contend on the subject—Attacked with such powerful artillery, who can resist! It will only remain to yield with the best grace possible.—As my great modesty has hitherto confined me to the cheerless state of celibacy, I have looked forward with considerable expectation, to the revolutionary spirit of this year.—That I may not be overlooked in the crowd, I take this opportunity of publicly informing the ladies, that I am ready to receive visits, provided they do not stay later than 10 o'clock at night, as I always make it a rule to be in bed at that hour.

TOM SINGLE.

No. 5, Bachelor's Lane.

ANECDOTES.

DURING the last war in Germany, there was an officer much more distinguished for his execution at table than any in the field. Whenever any thing scarce or nice was brought to dinner, it was with difficulty his brother officers could partake. Finding all hints of his ill-manners ineffectual, they had recourse to the following scheme. It being a custom with the officer, on account of the weather, to dine bald-headed; one day, when a fine turtle was brought to table, the company procured a black boy, who usually attended behind his chair, to strew a little pounded sugar now and then upon the crown of his head, which presently caking by means of the sun, the flies came in swarms to feed on it, and gave him continual employment, for as soon as he had buffeted them away, the plaguy insects returned again to their luscious banquet. This witty device was practised with the desired success till the end of the campaign.

TWO ladies of distinction stopped in a carriage at a jeweller's, one of them only, got out, and the coach stood across the pathway which some gentlemen wanted to cross to the other side, and desired the coachman to move on a little: the fellow was surly and refused: the gentlemen remonstrated, but in vain. During the altercation, the lady came to the shop door, and foolishly ordered her coachman not to stir from his place. On this, one of the gentlemen opened the coach door, and with boots and spurs stepped through the carriage. He was followed by his companion, to the extreme discomposure of the *lady within*,

as well as the *lady without*. To complete the jest, a party of sailors coming up, observed, that "if this was a *thoroughfare*, they had as much right to it as the *gemen*;" and accordingly scrambled through the carriage.

SEA-LAWYERS.

WHEN a lawyer on his passage to Europe, was one day walking the deck, it having on the preceding day blown pretty hard, a shark was playing by the ship: having never seen such an object before, he called to one of the sailors to tell him what it was. 'Why,' replied the tar, 'I don't know what name they call 'em by ashore, but here we call 'em *sea-lawyers*.'

A SAILOR named Fleming, was pressed about two years since, and put on board a tender, the day before he was about to be married. This was done by the treachery of an acquaintance, who had not only borrowed a sum of money of him, but who endeavoured to supplant him in the affections of the girl of his heart. The girl, however, proved faithful in his absence, and her fond tar arrived, flush with prize money. Informed of the iniquitous conduct of his supposed friend, he arrested him for the sum lent, and then sent him the following letter.

"So, Mr. Crimp, you are in bilboes, I find. 'Twas a foul-weather trick you played: but you are under hatches, and there I'll keep you until the matrimony has spliced me to my dear Poll; I'll then give you leave to shear off. But hark ye, my boy, when you are free from the graples, don't steer in my wake, or I may give you a salute you won't like. I wouldn't wish to send you to Davy's locker, because as how, if I had not been pressed, I might not have fell in with the prize-money.—So, you ungrateful swab, I forgive you; that is, after I am laid along-side my Poll. No more at present, from yours.

JOE FLEMING.

"P. S. As I understand you love Poll, I send you a guinea by bearer, to drink her health."

POPULATION.

A LATE publication makes the number of inhabitants on this globe to be 896,000,000. Of these, 226 millions are Christians, (that is, generally denominat-

ed Christians) 10 millions of Jews; 210 millions of Mahometans; 450 millions of Pagans. Of those professing the Christian religion, there are 59 millions of Protestants; 30 millions of the Greek and Armenian churches, and 90 millions of Catholics. The aggregate population, on the surface of the known habitable globe, is estimated at 896 millions. If we reckon with the ancients, that a generation lasts 30 years, in that space 896 millions of souls will be born and die;—consequently, eighty-one thousand seven hundred and sixty must be dropping into eternity every day; three thousand four hundred and seven every hour, or about fifty-six every minute.

Philadel^a, Feb'y 11, 1804.

COL. HUMPHREYS' WORKS.

Mess^s GILBERT & DEAN, two of the unfortunate sufferers by the late fire in Boston, intend publishing by subscription, a new edition of "The Miscellaneous Works of David Humphreys, late Minister Plenipotentiary from the U. States to the Court of Madrid, which will include, (never before printed) a *Poem on the Love of country*, in celebration of the twenty-third anniversary of American Independence; also, a *Poem on the death of General Washington*, delivered at the American House in Madrid, on the 4th day of July, 1800; together with some smaller poetical compositions, and several essays in prose."

As Mess^s G. & D. have been presented with the copy-right of this excellent work by the hand of commiseration, for the purpose of meliorating their disagreeable situation, it is to be hoped, that through this channel, success proportioned to the deserts of two industrious but unfortunate young men, will flow in to them from the liberal hands of those whose hearts are susceptible of the divine principle of benevolence; this the reflecting mind will not hesitate to contemplate, when considering, that those who thus bestow the means of alleviating distress, will in return, receive a two-fold remuneration in a collateral recompence and the more valuable reward of having the act recorded with the pen of gratitude.

The work will be comprised in one octavo volume, at 2 dollars (to subscribers) in boards.

Miscellaneous Articles.

The subject of kidnappers having for some time past, excited the attention of our citizens, it is now understood that several suspected persons have been committed to prison.—The Legislature of South Carolina, have unanimously adopted a bill for the establishment of free schools throughout that State.—

Recent accounts from S. Carolina mention that a duel has been fought by the Hon. J. Rutledge and Dr. Centre, in which Mr. R. was wounded in the abdomen, and Dr. C. in both his legs—a N. York paper states, that Dr. C. has since died, after amputation of a leg.—Counterfeit 20 dollar notes of the Savannah branch bank of the U. States are circulating in the State of New York, the names are written with a deep glossy ink and in many the indorsement is wanting.—The amendment of the Constitution of the U. S. has passed in the legislature of Vermont, by a majority of 30. The legislature of Delaware have rejected it.

Accounts from Gibraltar state, that a contagious disease is prevalent at Malaga.—Letters from Oporto mention, that from the 19th to the 29th Nov. last, a continual rain prevailed there, which so raised the water as to expose the town to great danger of a total deluge, by which, much damage was done, and many lives lost.

IMPROVEMENTS.

A steam engine, on a new construction, is now erecting at Meuk's brewery, London—it is to heat two large boilers, each of which hold about 800 barrels—it is to consume smoke on Mr. Robertson's plan.

A fine white lead has been produced by extracting the carbonic acid from chalk, by means of fire, and boiling it with the new neutral acitive of leads discovered by M. Thenard.

MARRIED—Wednesday 12 inst. at the Friends' meeting-house in Pine-street; Mr. Benjamin Newlin, to Miss Elizabeth Annesley.

— Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. John Keim, of Germantown, to Miss Sarah Siddons of the Northern Liberties.

— Thursday evening 13 inst. by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. George Bortwell to Miss Elizabeth Jonn.

— Monday evening 18th inst. by the Right Rev. Bishop White, Mr. John Marks, to Miss Kitty Cox.

— same evening by the Rev. Mr. Milldollar, Mr. John Wilson, to Mrs. Margaret Kerr.

— Monday 30th ult. at Accomac county (Vir.) Mr. Charles N. Barker, mer. of this City, to Miss Sarah Upshur Trask, of the former place.

— at Windsor, (Nova Scotia) William Hersey Otis Hilliburton, Esquire, to Mrs. Susannah Davis, widow of the late Mr. Benj. Davis of Pennsylvania, and second daughter of the late Michael Franklin, Esquire, formerly Lieutenant Governor of that province.

DIED—On the 3d inst. Washington Lee Finney, Esq. of Wilmington.

— 4th inst. Mr. Jeremiah Lynn, at 66.

— same day Mr. William Sellers (printer) at.

79.

— 8th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Ignat.

— 9th inst. Mrs. Catharine Church, wife of Dr. John Church in the 25th year of her age.

— lately at Fort Wilkinson, Capt. George Salmon, of the 2d U. S. regiment.

To Correspondents.

Charley Bridle's "Somebody," and J. K.'s answer to Adelio's Charade, are too incorrect for insertion.

Meanwell, in the "bumble opinion" of the editor, has too much of "querre" ridicule on a respectable branch of our city government, to claim admission into the Repository:—answers direct, or communications which tend to the investigation of a controverted point, not intruding on topics unconnected with the subject, the editor conceives it his duty to publish, but Meanwell's letter "est une autre chose."

In answer to Edw^ry's letter, the Editor will only observe, that he shall always feel himself justifiable in giving his remarks on pieces sent to him for publication, but he will not enter the field of discussion with any of his correspondents:—however, as Edw^ry seems to lay particular stress upon the accusation of immorality, to convince him he is by no means exonerated from this charge, the Editor will (privately) refer him to the original heading of the story (omitted in the publication) and advise him to compare it with Exodus ch. xx. ver. 7.

The Scribbler, No. 2. is received.

Temple of the Muses.

A MIDNIGHT ODE TO WISDOM.

(Selected for the Philadelphia Repository.)

THE solitary bird of night
Thro' the thick shades now wings his flight,
And quite 'tis time-shook tow'r;
Where shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay,
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solenn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat:
Fav'rite of *Pallas*! I attend;
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shews of life deceive,
Beneath the lunar ray:
Here folly drops each va'n disguise,
Nor sport her gaily-colour'd dyes,
As in the beam of day.

O *Pallas*! queen of ev'y art,
That glads the sense and mends the heart,
Blest source of purer joys!
In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprise.

To thy unspotted Shrine I bow;
Attend thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires;
But taught by the unerring rules
To shut the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's gen' Ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r:
Let av'rice, vanity, and pride,
Thos envy'd, glist'ring toys, divide
The dull reward of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart;
By studious thoughts refin'd;
For wealth, the smiles of glad content,
For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er thy mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb,
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
Of ignorance and spite;
Alike contemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest;
Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy beauties drest.

He bade Ilyssus' tuneful stream
Convey thy philosophic theme,
Of perfect, fair, and good:
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around
In awful silence stood:

Reclaim'd her wild, licentious youth,
Confess'd the potent voice of truth,
And felt its just controul;
The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And Virtue's soft persuasive charms,
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free, unbiass'd tongue,
The hero's generous strife;
Thine are retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet engaging ties
Of still, domestic life.

No more to sable names confin'd,
To the supreme, all-perfect mind,
My thoughts direct their flight;
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, eternal source
Of intellectual light.

O! send her sure, her steady ray,
To regulate my doubtful way,
Thro' life's perplexing road;
The mists of error to controul,
And thro' its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good.

Beneath her clear, discerning eye,
The visionary shadows fly
Of folly's painted show:
She sees thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
That all but virtue's solid joys,
Are vanity and woe.

ORIGINAL EPIGRAM.

A PEASANT'S ADDRESS TO A CLERGYMAN.

GOOD morning, grave sir, said a peasant full sunny,
Regaling himself on a comb of sweet honey;
Methinks that we justly might now be call'd brothers,
Since both of us live on the labours of others. ☺

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